

laughing horse



number two

two-bits

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A wise man and a fool met in Faculty Glade. "Nice day, isn't it?" said the wise man. "Yes, fine day," replied the fool and laughed vacantly. "Why do you laugh?" asked the wise man. "I don't know," said the fool, and laughed all the more. The wise man laughed at the fool. A professor, disturbed from his meditations, scowled at their mirth.



Victory



ELL, we have done it. We have published a magazine, financed it ourselves and sold enough copies to pay the printer. We have been written up in The Berkeley Gazette, The Tribune and Post-Enquirer of Oakland, and the San Francisco Chronicle and Examiner. We have even achieved a notice in The Daily Californian. We are informed by agents that among others suspected of the outrage are Morris Ankrum, Lloyd Warner, Bob MacGowan, Jacques Le Clercq, Clarence Greenwood, Sam Hume, Jack Lyons and even Bart Crum. Estimable fellows all, and possibly capable of even lower crimes than ours, they are nevertheless not guilty in this instance.

Some cunning fellow, possessed of an uncanny power of penetration, has opined "that we strain for the brilliancy of the Smart Set's anti-social diatribes and achieve nothing but Mencken's coarseness without his wit." Excellent! A well-turned phrase, by the gods, and in the Daily Californian! This piece, the sole notice which we received in that gazette, is an excellent piece of prose. Any one of us would be proud to claim it. If its author will meet one of us under Sather Tower, hard by the alleged head of Lincoln, at midnight of the tenth of May, we will present him with an autographed copy of "The Laughing Horse" and a half-pint flask of Haig and Haig.

In this, our second issue, we are presenting a wider variety of material and a larger number of contributors. We hope in our next effort to still further broaden our publication and to present the work of more contributors. The next number will be a special Summer Session edition and will be on the stands the last few days of June—providing, of course, that we sell enough of this one to pay the printer.

Jane Cavendish,
L 13,
Noel Jason,
Bill Murphy.

A Royal Reception

Excerpts from a Co-Ed's Diary

(Absolutely Anonymous)



ARCH 23—I have just come home from a reception, if such it can be called. It was given for Miss Ethel Barrymore by members of the English Club, but, strictly speaking, by the Club's permanent treasurer, at the Faculty Club.

Because of a mistake made by the Cal (first one, of course) which almost caused poor Ethel to have a nervous breakdown (because she is scared to death to make a speech, and that is what the Cal said she was going to do), the plans were changed, and the P. T. (permanent treasurer) decided to have a reception instead of a luncheon. He gave no thought in preparing for the reception—why should he? After all, it was his party: he didn't even inform the English Club until the last minute

Miss Barrymore arrived at the back door, ushered in by the P. T. aglow with excitement—this being the big moment of his life. Just imagine America's foremost actress entering thru the back door!! She came up the dark steps into the darkest room on the campus, on the gloomiest day of the year, to meet the English Club members who were huddled at the top. The day was cold and drab, and I must admit that the atmosphere of the room was as chilly as that outside. Everyone was embarrassed, and, to say the least, things were not going smoothly.

Then the P. T. got up to make a speech:

P. T.: Miss Barrymore, I am now going to present you with the colors of the University of California. We have some flowers here for you that are blue and gold, this great institution's colors.

(He reached into the box beside him and untied the string, tore the folds of the tissue paper from the flowers, then an expression of disgust came over his face. They were pink sweet peas!! He spluttered . . .)

Miss Barrymore: Thank you, so kindly . . . But you couldn't expect to get blue and gold flowers this time of year, you know.

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(More silence! Then the P. T. jumped up and, while the campus dramatic snakes attempted to hold Miss Barrymore's attention, he whispered in loud tones to the Club president.)

P. T.: Dear me, dear me, where is the tea? Has anyone seen about it?

English Club prex: No, didn't you?

P. T.: Why, no, no, no, no; I forgot all about it.

Feminine Club member: I'll go find the manager and see about it.

P. T.: Yes, do, do, do; bring it right away.

(Presently an awkward college youth in the capacity of waiter came in bearing a tray. On it were coffee cups of the thickness of those at Coffee Dan's, filled with tea, an ancient sugar bowl and creamer, and a dinner plate heaped with many slices of lemon. The sandwiches were of two varieties: pimiento cheese and jelly.)

Ethel: No, no, I don't care for sandwiches, just tea. (Then she notices two of the boys wore white trousers.) What is the occasion?

Skull & Keys member: Oh, our society is having a baseball game today with the faculty.

P. T. (jumping up excitedly): Let's go, let's go.

(Miss Barrymore put down her coffee cup filled with tea and started out the door. But it was not to be: it was raining! They returned like martyrs and conversation was manufactured.)

First Member: We are going to give Nero in the Greek Theatre.

Ethel: You are? Well. I'd hate to see you give anything but Greek plays in your wonderful theatre.

First Member: But we gave Kismet and it was splendid.

Ethel: Yes, well?

Feminine Member: I'm so sorry that it is such a terrible day. Spring is so late this year, don't you think?

Ethel: Yes, isn't it? I was down in Burlingame the other day, and it was lovely, though.

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P. T. (excitedly): We must be leaving for the President's reception if we are going to catch the 4:20 ferry.

Remark from the side: He's the biggest nut on earth.

Remark from the other side: Oh, this is terrible. Take him out!

Ethel (rises): Good-bye, I'm so glad to have met you all.

English Club (in chorus): We're so glad you came. Come again.

(Exit Ethel, P. T. and Ethel's manager.)

Then the members gathered around in a circle and laughed hysterically, sighed, decided it was all terrible, almost wept, and said:

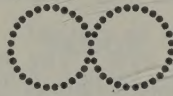
"What will she think of us? Oh, what will she think?"

"Those sandwiches!"

"The cups!!"

"The whole damn thing was a disgrace."

Then Charlie brought me home, and I came right upstairs to write it all down before I forgot a single detail!



Yes, Isn't It?

Wouldn't it be ridiculous if (to further the cause of art) the authorities of the University decided to appoint from the student body a man whom they knew capable to choose really good plays, and whom they knew was a competent director, and a fine actor besides . . .

Wouldn't it be funny, I say, if they should then choose another man, an efficient business man, but not an artist, who should be given the right to select the plays?

Wouldn't it be a screaming farce to let the box office, and not the artist, choose the plays that are to further the cause of art?

With Never Withering Green

(A serious study in the manner of undergraduate criticism.)



HAT can I do, what can I say? I am entranced, I am enthralled, I am flabbergasted. I lie sprawled out on the floor, legs wide. I am overcome. Shakespeare, Shelley, Homer, Dante, Milton, Jesus Christ (not the swear word, but the man). Mortal with the soul of an angel; sublime of the sublime! I beat my head against the wall, I tear my hair. I shall burn incense before the image of this author enshrined in my heart. I go out and run around the block. I come back and chuck the landlady under the chin. I eat a chocolate doughnut. I run the whole gamut of emotions. My soul is suffused with a faint cerise light. I am torn between sorrow, remorse, anguish and chagrin. My heart beats rapidly against my breast. I will go in sackcloth and ashes and strew roses at his feet. Cold shivers run up and down my spine, a warm sweat breaks out on my forehead, my breath comes in short pants. I read the last line over again. I look at it upside down. I write it backwards and read it in a mirror. I throw open the window and take deep breaths of the cold spring air.

I will be calm. I will be critical. I will look at the book again through a bilious eye. The book lies before me in shreds, my room looks like Chateau Thierry. This line flits across my cerebrum: "Biting the bitter meal with bitter will." I can't go on, the flesh is willing but the mind rebels. I can't be critical, I can't be analytical. Will this passage ever die?

"And piebald horses following in the muck,
Dragging their tired hooves out with a suck."

Or this?

"Nose-wrinkling rabbits nibbling at the weed,
The hares that box by moonlight on the hill."

Oh! I could quote the whole book.

King Cole, King Cole; that he should emerge from the nursery rhymes to go into this immortal poem. I am quite calm now, my pulse is normal, my breathing regular. I read this book through without stopping and looked on the back to see if any more was there. Word on word, line on line, stanza on stanza, until the whole thing went seething

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through my brain like a mad whirlpool, sucking my very toes into its depths. It took me racing to the heavens, it dropped me plunk into the depths. It maddened me, it gladdened me, it saddened me. It went through me like a chill, chill wind; it blew gently on me like a warm spring air current. But I am losing my head again; I will go out and take a cold plunge.

Now I am fresh from my tub. I will read the last line over again. I will read it soberly, rationally. I will discover just where its beauty lies. "Had crowned their loves with never-withering green." What shall I call it? Delightful, charming, beautiful, lovely, exquisite, ethereal. I will go and get my "Crabbe's English Synonyms." No, there is no word to express it. It runs through my blood like wine. Everything is green, a never-withering green; the sky, the earth, the sun, the stars, the moon, the trees, the grass, my eyeshade. The birds carol, "Had crowned their loves, had crowned their loves." The wind sobs, "Had crowned their loves, Had crowned their loves." The sea sighs, "Had crowned their loves, Had crowned their loves." And, all heaven and earth join in a mighty, vibrant chorus, "With never-withering green."

(My roommate, sotto voce: "Aw, go to bed, or I'll crown you with a brick.")

—Guy Volta

PROOF

Anyone who does not believe that we are justified in printing the foregoing burlesque on the critical twaddle of a certain type of co-ed, is referred to the Daily Cal of April 17, 1922.

Here the curious will find something well worth the trouble of hunting, for it is the funniest thing the Cal ever published. A co-ed ('25)—we hope this is not her age—blatantly proclaims a Harold Bell Wright book as one that will live, and denounces as trash what is perhaps the most significant novel of the year—Three Soldiers.

"In Helen of the Old House, Wright has written a book that will live," gurgles she . . . and says of Three Soldiers in the same breath: "Lack of literary style is apparent, but sensational disclosures of the evils of military discipline and the lurid life of Paris are used freely to fill in the gaps."

Then she raves on Wright's "mastery of words," and denounces Dos Passos' book as untrue, and as a "harmless concoction" . . .

We are speechless!

The Higher Education

(An Answer)



HAT dark-browed pessimism must enfold the author of *The Fable of North Hall Steps*. Into what despairing and funereal depths must his pale mauve soul descend in his painful passage through the gray prison yard of our magnificent university. How typical he is of the fuzzy-mindedness and impracticality of mere thinkers. Actually, in cold print, to express the belief that our benignly paternalistic Higher Education leads nowhere!!!

Naturally enough these impractical self-styled intellectuals typical of the English and Philosophy departments have, with their customary tortuosity of mental processes, misconstrued the true end and aim of higher education. Save for such useless encumbrances as these two departments, this great institution of ours gives full opportunity for the really thoughtful to realize the full blessings of Higher Education.

The primary blessing flaunts itself in the face of this impious writer. Indeed, if he be an ordinary student, it has clothed him, exercised him and trained him, inexorably. Who will deny the high efficiency of the military department? Is not this branch of Higher Education purposeful? Has it not a definite goal? How perfectly it is adapted to its ends! Who is there will brazenly deny the advantages of this training in super-patriotism, the hours spent in learning the most approved methods of driving a leaden pellet through a living being or the most scientific way of gutting a fellow human with knife-edged steel?

Again, who can question the insight or the idealism of those who so ceaselessly protect our youth from the insidious evils of too-much-thought, the subverting propaganda of Brass Tacks and the destructive influence of associate professors with brains? But the administration has done far more for our peerless institution. It has given us the College of Commerce.

Truly, a decade ago, Higher Education was purposeless. But the great contemporary minds have given us the College of Commerce so that Higher Education now abounds with purpose, earnest and practical. Breathes there a student with soul so dead that he is not impelled to rhapsodize over the

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efficacy of this institution in producing the Perfect Business Man? Or thrill to rapture to read his name in *Commercial*? In this inspiring College may one learn of labor soothing syrups and the intricacies of cost accounting. Is not this sublime? Is it not **Purposeful**?

Never before have there been such excellent facilities for training capable leaders, captains of finance and practical business-men. And it should thrill the breast of every loyal Californian to think that this institution represents the fullest realization of The Higher Education. It is to be hoped that every student with the California Spirit will back the move to be made next semester for the removal of the Big C. In its place will be erected a huge reinforced concrete Dollar Sign, illuminated every night by high-power flood lights.

Ralph L. Beals.
1943 Berkeley Way.



Sugar of Gold

(The Foreign Student Addresses the Native Son.)

Frog, blinking drowsily
Beneath the white lily in the fountain,
You know not even the scent of the blossoms above you;
But the fly with the shining yellow wings
Comes, flying slowly, from a distant place
To roll in the chalice of the lily,
And cover its black body with sugar of gold.

—Translated from the Siamese by B. R. Y. and V. P.

"To Make the World Safe"



IT WAS a bright, sunny morning. The administrative department sat back in its swivel chair, complacently contemplating with its mind's eye the work it had done. Had not the bay papers already published the average weight of the California man, and were not our students beefier than those of any other university west of the Mississippi? The administrative department liked to think of these things. It liked to go around the country telling of these things. It was blind, ah yes, but it could never be called dumb! The department gave one of its not infrequent grunts of satisfaction just as its jovial secretary opened the door and spoke. The department was blind but it was not deaf. Alas, the many things it listened for!

"Your friend—I might add, our friend—is outside," the jovial man said. "Our very best friend," he added.

"Ah, to be sure," murmured the administrative department. "He is always welcome. I feel his visits give me such prestige, and they do make me popular with the vulgate. Who knows, I may need the vulgate some day."

And the administrative department braced up in its chair. Rumor had it that the administrative department wanted other things to administer.

In walked the friend, a man who visited the campus not infrequently. He was Mr. Americanism. He was a wealthy man, with a large clientele, and could afford many suits of clothes. He was also a detective and liked disguises. Today he was dressed as "The Better American Federation."

"Come in, come in," the administrative department said cordially. "Your visits are all too infrequent. If you would come more often I could make public speeches more often. You know, dear friend, you are the inspiration of my every word."

Americanism smiled. "Today," he said. "I have come on a more serious business. Today you must serve me. I have served you long enough."

He then leaned over to the Administrative department and whispered something in its ear.

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"Dear me, no. What! Good God, I can't believe it," exclaimed the scandalized department. "That I should have permitted such men to teach here for these last two years. Why, half the student body must be Bolsheviki or Gerinano-philés or anarchists or socialists or liberal thinkers. I can't permit that. Do you suppose any of my students could possibly be radical? After all my precautions, after all I have done! How shocking! How horrible! And we have won so many football games, too, and our military department has gotten on the distinguished college list so often!

Americanism looked stern and commanding. It spoke in low hard tones full of significant nuances and subtle intonations. "Do not sit there wailing. There is a duty for you. These men must go. There is no place in the university for any man who ever thought that the prisoners we caught under the espionage act should be free. Your university must never permit such men to teach. Students must be taught to think for themselves within the proper limits. We cannot have those limits broken."

"But these men are popular," wailed the perturbed department with an amoebic wrinkle in its voice, "how can I dismiss them? Certain of the masses will want to know why I dismissed them. The masses aren't so thoughtful as we. They don't understand the practical side of life. And some day I'm going to need the masses."

"Well, then," Americanism replied, its bosom swelling with the thought of a triumph already won, "dismiss them before they can get their degrees. If you must have an excuse, say that they weren't working for Ph.D's. A few people, at least, will believe you. At any rate, I demand their dismissal."

"All right," answered the department in a feeble voice that trailed off into clouds of dubiousness. Then it brightened. "But I **am** patriotic," it said, "no one can deny that. I'll do what you say. By the way, we nearly won the Stanford track meet. Isn't that fine?"

Threnody on the Acquisition of Facts

Spring is here and so are the final examinations. Bootleggers' daughters and clergymen's sons daily sit them down, Blue Book in hand, and essay to catalogue their knowledge for the delectation of several bored readers. If, like blotters, they have absorbed the useless facts hurled at them by the pedagogues or if they have indited terse but informing hieroglyphics upon their cuffs and succeed in outwitting their more moral neighbors who are pained at such actions, they will proudly show the pater and the mater their trophies. On the other hand, if they have touched but lightly on these boring and useless facts, diverting themselves the while with the engaging chatter of some youthful member of the opposite sex, or with delightful books or tasty booze, they will, in all probability, find themselves out in the cruel world.

Parents, strangely enough, are in the main, satisfied only with some material memento of knowledge, such as an A grade. Themselves the victim of the abominable education system which places so much value on the acquisition of facts, they are so curiously constituted as not to see in themselves the horrible example of just that system. Meanwhile, the universities of this enlightened land continue to grind out standardized products from their fact mills. Exceptional young men and women generally turn out to be wasters, for finding no joy in the deadening process of modern education, they turn to more congenial diversions.

—Montgomery Craig.

Suggestions to those Taking Examinations

1. Never take Examinations seriously: if you flunk you can brag about it, laugh about it, and have the consolation that you had a good time during the term while the others boned. (On the other hand, it is not good form to brag about an A or about having made Phi Beta, so what's the use of working for them?)
2. If you can't answer a question in an Ex, don't simply pass it up, use your imagination and your sense of humor. As a matter of fact, the prof already knows the answer to the question he has asked you, and you're not telling him anything he doesn't know if you answer it. But you can

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amuse both him and yourself by taking a ridiculous attitude in the matter, and by that means you will be developing the finest side of your brain, whereas memorizing facts is simply prostituting it.

3. When your botany exam contains the question, "Discuss Smut", and you do not know that it is a plant disease, then launch out immediately in a diatribe on the difference between risque, questionable, obscene, lewd, Rabalaisian, dirty, and smutty jokes.

4. In Medieval History, should one question concern the 100 Years War, which you know nothing about, then simply pretend as though you thought the question was about the 30 years war, which you happened to have read upon the night before. This has been known to get by, and is a very clever ruse.

5. It is often possible, and is very profitable when studying for an Ex, to chase up all the side issues instead of studying the commonly memorized facts. Instead of bothering with the date of Henry the Blank's reign, or with the reasons why he broke away from the established church, gather all the dirt there is about his private morals and his many wives. This is sometimes as interesting as fresh scandal, and will serve for several blue-books full of meanderings.

6. Questions on birth control, or about such shocking persons as Catherine the Great, Voltaire, or some of the immediate relatives of Queen Victoria, can be avoided entirely on moral grounds. Conscientious objectors of this kind are tolerated at this University, although people who do not believe in wholesale murder are hounded off the campus as yellow dogs and 100% Huns!

7. Try to remember in the face of all your instructors can say, that the grade you get doesn't amount to a damn, nor is the exam itself worth a hoot. The question to ask yourself, like Hermione, every night before donning your pajamas, is:

"Have I developed my laughing horse-sense of humor today, or have I not?"

—Bill Murphy.

Interlude

Pianissimo:

The garden was drenched in moonshine, only a trifle diluted by the jazz which seeped out through the windows in thick viscous surges of sound. A French door was pushed open gently and a co-ed, closely followed by her escort, stepped onto the terrace. "I want to smoke," she announced in a tone that seemed to indicate she would demand his flask in another moment. And after he had lit the little cylinder for her, she slipped her arm around his waist and rested her head on his shoulder. "You little devil," he whispered as he swung around and caught her close with one arm. Then, taking the cigarette from her lips as one might unstopper a bottle, he immediately corked her up again with his lips, and they remained thus very much attached to one another until the two cigarettes he held in his hand, burned down as far as the inner cuticle of his finger.

Fortissimo:

"Goddam!" he sputtered in her face, tossing the cigarettes from him and accompanying the word with a fine spray of saliva. "You . . . you, you whale!" she spouted in a rattled voice, "You darned ass! . . . Oh, you . . ." (—And just then the music inside stopped with a sudden bang of timpani, leaving a thick silence which crept out of the house as palpably as had the jazz.) "You, you vulgar thing!" she screamed, finishing her sentence. At which the French door was again thrown open, revealing the house-mother.

Coda:

Poor, innocent girly . . . Naughty, vulgar, obscene man . . . The garden was drenched in moonshine, only a trifle diluted with embarrassed silence. —Jane Cavendish.

Leaves From the Diary of An Untamed Doctor of Philosophy

Sunday, March, 19th, 2 p. m.—Beastly headache . . . The fellow who sold me that so-called Old Crow should be hamstrung. Wonder what became of the buxom wench I annexed in Tod's? Damn these freshmen themes . . . Hell's bells—not a cigarette in the house! Tomorrow's Monday—back to the prison.

Thursday, March 23rd, 8 a. m.—Hot damn! This is something like it. Head's as clear as a bell. One can't beat Gordon Gin. Had supper last night with Jimmy Nolan in his apartment. He's in my Poetry class. Stupid as an owl, but has the finest stock I've seen since Jack Davies' at Cornell. We didn't touch the absinthe, saving that for a real honest-to-God Bachanalian orgie. Where inell's those Havanas. Ah-h-h, it's a wonderful world.

Saturday, April 25th, 9:30 a. m.—Damn those prohibition banquets! Sat four hours last night and listened to a dozen old dodoes orate on the function of criticism or some such tosh. Thirsty as a bishop and not a damn drop to drink; not even grape juice. Rode home on the ferry with old Johnstone and dozed off while he touched lightly on comparative religion. Zane of the engineering department has promised to introduce me to a new bootlegger tonight. I'll ring his neck if I've a hangover tomorrow.

Sunday, March 26th, 11 p. m.—Just got home—finest party I've had since I left Ithaca. Zane's bootlegger friend should be canonized. Makes the finest Old Fashioneds I ever had the pleasure of drinking. Watched the green change to smoke-color for the first time in many moons. Drank more Scotch highs than the night I was graduated. Real old pinch-bottle Haig and Haig. It's worth its weight in radium. I'm stony broke, but I'm king of the world. —I. 13.

She Who Laughs Last---

There was once a co-ed in a great university who was "one apart". Day after day she went to classes and passed her fellow students going to and fro, but she made no friends, saying: "I am one apart." In classes and gatherings she fixed her eyes on far space and thought: "I am one apart; when the time comes, I shall speak!—I shall strip the bonds of convention from my ego and send it forth resistless to find the cosmic laugh. But, to her fellows, she said only: "I am apart from you. I alone can perceive the cosmic laugh." They did not understand her and so, after the manner of students, they said: "Lo, she is one apart!"

After a great length of days, when, as was her custom, she was wandering alone through the crowded halls and conversing with her apartness, there came to her, above the din of the commonplace, the sound of the cosmic laugh. She gazed and beheld a young horse seated alone on a hillock, laughing. And the young horse solemnly closed one eye and regarded her. He said: "The time is come!" With trembling fingers she lifted her ego from the casket of her apartness and began to loose its many-colored wrappings. Layer after layer, she tore them and sent them fluttering from her. Then suddenly she came upon her ego—white and puffy, an ungrown larva.

The laughing horse, solemnly closed the other eye.

—D. M.

THE ANSWER

Look in her eyes;
For a grey fan covers her lips,
Like ashes over a fire.

THE EXILE

The nightingale vendor—
He, too, traffics with freedom,
Shackles for a song.

We have been asked if "The Barb" is immoral. We quote Oscar Wilde: "It's worse than immoral. It's badly written."



Ethel Barrymore and President Barrows

(Further extracts from the diary of a Co-ed.)

March 25—Yesterday I was told the rest of the story about Ethel's campus visit. Just as she came into the hall where the President's reception was being given, the British emblem was borne in on a standard upside down! (And still I wonder what she thinks of the University of California.)

The P. T. presented her to President Barrows, who became fussed on meeting her and said, "I'll see you again this week, Miss Barrymore . . . No, no, no, not this week, but next week . . . that is, have you finished your engagement in the city yet?" (Even a president gets fussed at times, you see.)

Then he referred to the reading she was scheduled to give today in Wheeler Hall, but didn't . . . and I think I know why.

Nothing else happened to mar the reception, but the final scene was like this:

List of Characters:

Miss Ethel Barrymore, America's foremost actress.

Mr. Graham, her manager, who always plays a minor role.

The P. T., permanent treasurer of the club, who should play one.

The English Club president, who wished that he were dead.

The setting is laid at the actresses' automobile which is parked near Hearst Hall.

P. T.: Miss Barrymore, I think I'll ride down to Oakland with you.

Miss B.: Oh, no, I wouldn't think of having you, it's such a long ride.

P. T.: But I'd love to.

Miss B.: How would you get back?

P. T.: I'd ride on the street car.

Miss B. (becoming exasperated): It's lovely of you to offer to come, but I believe I'd better be going.

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(And she got into the machine, slammed the door in his face, and as her chauffeur started off, she called back a relieved "Good-bye!")

After dinner that night:

To cap the climax and add to the tragedy of Thursday, The Bulletin printed a large picture in tonight's paper showing the president of the English Club in the act of presenting Ethel Barrymore with a bouquet of orchids. Note, please, it said orchids! Ethel was sitting in the foreground and the English Club members made a very effective background; yes, very effective.

The story that went with the picture said that Miss Ethel Barrymore was royally entertained by members of the English Club. Royally entertained . . . oh, what could be worse? And the orchids! Well, it was the P. T.'s party!

Confessions of a Moron

I admire the opera of D. W. Griffith and the novels of Henry Snyder Harrison. I do not care for the music of Bach nor the effect of Three Star Hennessey. I esteem the good works of the Rotary Club and the Y. M. C. A. and hope that Harding is re-elected president. I detest the later manner of Edna Ferber and Zona Gale and the jocosities of Al Jolson. I have stayed awake until the milk man comes reading the verses of Edgar Guest and James Whitcomb Riley. I frequently write letters to the daily gazettes. I prefer Mutt and Jeff to both Goldberg's Boobs and The Gumps. I place beer and port wine far above gin, cognac, and Scotch. I admire the intellect of members of the House of Representatives. I nearly always eat in cafeterias and attend the vaudeville shows at Loew's State. I am convinced that the San Francisco Seals will win the Pacific Coast League pennant. I respect girls who do not roll their stockings or smoke cigarettes. I belong to the Democratic party and believe that America will eventually "make the world safe for democracy." I wear woolen underwear in the winter and a straw hat in the summer. I purchase "Film Truth" and "Photoplay Magazine" every month. I am studying for a doctor's degree.

Montgomery Craig.

Teaching Fellows

—OR—

“There Is Something So Different About Us”



IN OUR local aquarium of intellect there abound certain small fry—the school of teaching fellows. Would it be too much to leave the figure complete knowing that fish have no brains? This particular branch of the fish family maintains its superiority at the expense of certain student life—the poor fish. Enough of the figure before we are in too deep water!

To observe the subject in action one needs but to spend an hour in 410 Wheeler where the highest type function—the teaching fellows in English. That they are perfect, they frankly admit. That they are exclusive, one may be conscious of through certain atmospheric waves highly charged with Chaucer, Dryden, Keats, Shakespeare and everything but Ben Turpin.

More than being ultra-literary, they are aesthetic in thought, anaesthetic in action and, worst of all, they have a poetical soul that looks out of their eyes, right through their “Harold Lloyds”, and out and on and on and on! Their facial expression might mean anything, but ’til it does, it means nothing.

Their prime interest centers about the pulsating life of their respective “classes” (long “ah” as in ah-Gee and ah-Heck). It is the class which afford them no end of boyish and girlish glee by the unique stupidity of its member. Oft and anon, some rhetorical irregularity as the following will call forth a round of titter: “he ran in the track meet, followed before and after by a shower bath.” So are the ennuied amused.

Being modest from the ground-grippers up, they always include the name of the professor of the course in speaking thus: “me and Dean Gayley are giving the Bible this semester.” It is good of them thus to concede the arrived professors this equality—these carbon-copies of the real thing.

The major sport is writing theses, for everyone of which two or three letters are awarded to trail after the author’s name for ever after; this award is given on the principle “buy ten wash-boards and we throw in a cake of soap.” If some of them are not cured of this disease of thesis writing, the

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alphabet will be cornered and who knows what will become of our language?

You can open conversation with them in two ways, one—by advancing the nucleus of highly literary discussion, thus: "When Keats wrote the 'Eve of St. Agnes' was he under the influence of Pope or of something else?" The other method of approach is the telling of some simple little story, a joke, which essentially must be antique and whose point should be obvious in the telling to gain favor and the booming titter that will reward you.

Out of the familiar environment of their habitat, these teaching fellows may be recognized by a dangling key or a long grave face—mostly grave—either one of which symptoms serves in the labeling purpose. A student, who wishes to ascertain if his or her instructor is of the above genii, should put to his or herself the question, "Have you a little E on your Blue Book?"

—M. G.



Away Spring!

Spring looked in on me and said, "Come away, come away to the world! I know a hill where purple lilac blooms, where wild roses flutter beneath a sky as blue and deep as babies' eyes. I know a tree that spreads itself above a leafy turf, where the sun drips in and the soundless air smells sweet of grass and soil. I know a hidden, precious valley where stiff, green grass grows thick like plush that sinks beneath your tread; and here and there a clump of trees along a stream that dreams beneath cool watercresses. Come away, come away to the world!"

I said: "Go on away, Spring; go on away! I have this damned thesis to write, and, besides, I have a wife and child!"

—Guy Volta.

His Homecoming

'nother one of those realistic things



HE next morning he sat and gazed at the food before him. It was an egg. A fried egg. A cold fried egg, embedded in congealed grease. It reposed on a thick white plate, a plate with a big, dark-brown crack halfway across it, wherein lurked the germs of the past twenty years. He looked up, and then gazed at the room around him.

He was in the kitchen of his home, his own home. Why he had been reared in this house, and never before had its sordid ugliness so impressed him. No, not till he had returned from College. College had developed the dainty side of his nature. (It does that to lots of people.) He had never before realized just how bourgeois his parents were. How could they be his parents? He was so above them!

The walls were dark and dingy with the steam and grease of cooking. Light filtered in through a south window which had a dirty piece of rag hanging in it for a curtain. The table where he sat had an oilcloth cover. A hideous oilcloth, blending shades of sickly yellow and brown. Someone had spilt coffee on it. A bottle of milk stood in the center, wherein a fly floated serenely, belly uppermost. The glass sugar-bowl stood beside it, with a spoon in it. Sugar—dark brown coffee-stained sugar, was caked onto the spoon. A cheap glass dish contained the dessicated remains of tomato preserves. There were crumbs of bread over the top of the preserves and a bit of butter, where someone had evidently applied the ointment directly from the dish. Flies swarmed everywhere.

His mother, in a dirty pink wrapper and curl papers, was scraping cold toast. There were dirty plates standing about where other members of the family had left them. They had egg on them, dry egg—caked, disgusting. A thick, greasy slice of bacon reposed, buried in fat, on a cold platter.

"Ain't cha feelin' well, Danny?" asked his mother.

Danny looked at her. His eyes were green and glassy, like freshly peeled gooseberries. His face was a symphony in sickly yellows and greens. He tried to smile, but it wouldn't work. He clutched the edge of the table; his lips went pale; he stood up, lunged for the door, and ran toward the bathroom.

—R. M.

Aubade

FROM L'ASTRALAVO

——all night . . . all night . . . all night
i heard The Horses . . . The Horses
mocking each other——

——chafing their stalls in the small curdled light
“yea brother,” they yawned recondite,
“aye brother aye brother yea——”

——and noises at the hem of the dark prairie sang
“oooo—ah ooo
oooo—ah eee
oooo——”

——and the black leather air with buckles in the sky
squeaked tightly . . . lightly . . . cinched too rightly the
Saddle. The Stern Rider rode high . . . Black Saddle——

“——aye brother aye . . . brother yea aye”
i heard The Fourth Horse yawn
i heard The Third One laugh in a surly way——
and it was dawn——



San Francisco as well as Los Angeles can be conspicuously undistinguished. Witness what it has done with its civic fine arts palace: it has not only neglected Maybeck who has taste and modernity, but it has, like any Oakland newsboy, overlooked every true artist under the westwind, and has finally selected a police-headquarters architect to repeat the classic irreverences of the present “Civic Center.” Next December they will commence construction of the Palace of Fine Arts which is subsequently to become a soldiers’ home. Pity the soldier!

Sociology 3 p. x.



FEEL a little out-of-place in "The Laughing Horse." Only the other day I would have classed "Mencken" as the infinitive of a German verb and "Nathan" as a Biblical character, so new am I to pseudo-intellectualism. "Shaw" became more than a sterilized cussword with the advent of Sam Hume's Wheeler Hall plays, and I have picked up considerable patter from student radical argument and from an occasional Liberator, but really my only excuse for appearance here is to make a well-meaning attempt to add to campus social data. I have loaned my "Jurgen" to a guy who wanted his sister to read it, and her whole house is borrowing it in turn, so I shall have to be non-Cabellian in style. Shameless, disestablishmentarian sincerity seems to be the shibboleth of modernism, anyway, so I shall out with my dope, flat-footedly and with no pother.

The other night I was on my way back from the *—— House, having taken the helm for young *—— —, who had come in overdosed with some of his new Palestinian Wine-Bee Hoof-oil, to steer him to his fraternal haven. I fell in with a fellow and by way of conversation asked him if he was on his way from the Jitney crawl. He said he had been dancing in Oakland with the "Daughters of the Shipyards," and swore very artistically at all college dances, at college women and their inability to dance or converse intelligently. Contrarily he spoke of the dancing girls of Oakland in glowing terms, and of their increasing college patronage.

"These dance-hall dames," said he, "are the most honest, unaffected, idealistic girls I ever saw. They call spades spades, they make no bones about their make-up, they frankly dress to attract, and admit the economic necessity of attracting men. Their morality compares very well with the campus average. When they talk they show an amazing knowledge of modern conditions and at least have ideas concerning their own place in the scheme of things. When I became interested enough in a certain little lady's line of talk I asked if she wouldn't have a bite with me. She came, but insisted upon two checks, observing that she made forty-five a week. She had heard that the company of college women was expensive luxury. 'We girls do sponge when some guy—like those gobs—comes along determined to throw his dough. We might as well get it as anyone else, but far be it from

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me to rob an innocent school boy. I get as much out of this as you, don't I? Why not fifty-fifty?"

"When we went back to the hall I found the crowd there had become distinctly representative of Berkeley, cords were everywhere and that type of dancing which is known as 'inspection proof' was dominant. They say every University man can be identified by his ability to conceal and yet get by with rough stuff. My erstwhile friend admitted that she didn't object to a certain amount of it. 'When we find out that is what a fellow wants we give him as square a deal as the cops will let us. He is paying his dime, isn't he? And who does it hurt?'"

I parted from my informer at the beanery door. Inside I found three fellows discussing recent campus dances. The consensus of opinion was that as entertainment they were a frost, unless you had your own crowd; that the much-flaunted democratic attitude among the women simply isn't there, that the people who publicly supported college nights never show up, that remarks from the sidelines had scared away those women who do come.

"Besides, do you know that scads of campus women hang out at Idora, and I know of three that work in Oakland dance halls, occasionally. They get more kick out of iron-workers than they get out of us. Do you know, nearly every girl I know has offered, some time or other, to pay her own expenses if only I will take her to some of the questionable resorts of Oakland and 'Frisco? I tell you college men are bored with college women and college women with college men because both sides have to live up to an antiquated code when together." These three fellows left, still discussing.

Now, since dances are part of the necessary modern machinery of mating, and as such assume biological importance, in the light of the above information I offer the following suggestions as a possible solution of the problem:

First: Let the Pan-Hell rules be safely deposited in a cornerstone of the Student Union Building as an interesting record of former Campus social standards.

Second: On college nights, let the men of the Campus repair to the Oakland dance halls, while the unmarried members of the Oakland and San Francisco Boiler-makers' Unions attend a Channing Way Frolic at the invitation of the A. W. S. Proper police supervision to be supplied by the Berkeley Police Department. (This would be no drawback, it merely

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adds that stolen-fruit touch to improprieties.)

Third: Let "Dutch treat" be an iron-bound rule with all couples who decide to pair off, until engagement, when the finances of both parties are periodically pooled and then split, common expenses to be shared equally.

The advantages arising from the above rules are immediately evident. The marriages arising from such associations will bring together the practical and theoretical elements of society. Every match will be a union between the school of hard knocks and university training. In view of the undeniable tendency, it is certain that all parties will be better pleased by such arrangement. Less money will be wasted on campus affairs that are not enjoyable and everyone will be much better off.

—Barney (Yes, the beanery one).



A Ride at Night on a Laughing Horse

There are witches' eyes that glisten
Through the marsh-grass on the hills,
And my laughing horse runs blindly
While some terror in me thrills;
For I fear the wind's thin fingers
That fumble in the dark
Like an eager blind man feeling
For a penny in the park.
And I shriek a heathen anthem
To the suave and silent sky,
While eerie ghost-shapes pass me
Like moth-wings grazing by.
If my laughing horse should stumble
And die upon the shore,
Would I haunt the sand-dunes---
Lost forevermore?

—D. D.

The Underworld of the Undergrad



ARE college-boys really naughty, or do they only think they are?

Gossips will caterwaul over the gay restaurant life, the dancing in negro cafés, wicked and frantic hotels, pink jazz balconies, and similar joints (or, perhaps, because of the balconies, one should say "hang-outs"). But that is only the froth on the top, and not the dregs called the Underworld. While we girls are smoking innocent and fragrant cigarettes amid the debris of our apartments after the men have left, where is mamma's wandering boy?

Perhaps he is in Hoochville-on-the-Key-route, shooting craps, drinking, or at best in an upstairs room at some Harry's Hashery playing solo, black-jack, poker, or some other insidious game which undermines his morals, habits, and finances, producing a wrecked lad of dark-ringed pseudo-soulful eyes; a creature that haunts the campus by day like a lost snow-bird in hell.

What a delightful supposition! One conjures up visions of an immaculate darling of Colonel Nance's Army suddenly transformed into a disheveled rakehell, stolidly anchored before a round table that is piled high with red, blue and white chips, interspersed with shiny silver pieces and with crumpled green bills. One's imagination flattens his handsome phiz into an inscrutable poker-face, and screws his mouth up to hold a big cigar. The room reeks with smoke, and it reels before the eyes of the befuddled undergrad who has been drinking real beer from that tall glass at his side.

Indeed, I would like to linger over this picture, waiting until far into the purple night for the last few games (which will undoubtedly be strip-poker, and therefore funny as a fit) were it not for the fact that the underworld, even on this side of the bay, stretches the entire length of dear old San Pablo avenue, leading the jolly roisterer from one road-house and boot-legging establishment to another all the way from my-city-Oakland to the grimy saloons of Richmond.

Doubtless the college boys do not learn to navigate the entire course in four short years of training, for I fancy that

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the way must become intricate down around that evil smelling incinerary where one of the most popular resorts is to be found. Catering to the romantic mind of the younger generation, the owners have mapped out a route the idea for which was undoubtedly copped from some German fairy-tale in which Prince Charming had to decapitate the ogre with the 730 heads, shoot the bloody boogey with the cast-iron shirt, and strangle the witch with the rubber neck. The Berkeley labyrinth is fully as elaborate and is a wonderland for young blockheads.

Passwords! Mysterious knocks! Confusing directions!

Yes, perhaps he is in Emeryville or other of the San Pablo dives, and perhaps he is in San Francisco, where there are very wicked places indeed—or at least so I have been told.

But, then again, perhaps not. For I have a hefty hunch that most of them go to bed early like nice little boys, emerging early these mornings from cots perched thick on prominent and highly visible sleeping porches, looking like somniferous goblins in vari-colored pajamas, and donning quickly the inevitable frat-house bath-robies!

In fact, I feel sure that a large majority of them think to kiss a girl the most startling of impudences; to sit up until two a. m., the most immoral of proceedings; and that to spit and say Jesus is the unquestionable password to the Society of the 100 per cent. hard-boiled!

Hard-boiled, did I say? Coddled, rather!

—Jane Cavendish.

Cabbage Leaves

My life is a cabbage;
Each day I pluck off a leaf
And throw it to the swine.
When nothing but the stalk is left,
I won't be sorry,
But the swine will.
They will put it in a box
And bury it in the ground, saying,
"The Lord giveth
And the Lord taketh away.
Blessed be the name of the Lord."

—Guy Volta.

The Feminine Menace in Education

All of the arts, without exception, are essentially masculine. In all history there is not recorded one single first-rate artist who was a female. And yet what a pass has literature and art come to in this day.

In the University of California, the gals outnumber the boys at least five to one in all courses in art, literature and education. Literature is looked upon as a plaything for women and half-baked "queer-ducks," who sleep in baby-blue silk pajamas. Real men as a rule take courses in bookkeeping or plumbing or the selling of malthoid roofing and leave literature to the women and the men who should have been women. They seem to take pride in their absolute lack of intellect and gaze with a bilious eye upon those who are alleged to be of their sex who go in for such silly stuff. Now it happens that this judgment often has some justification. Show me a man who is forever prattling about art and the little theatre and the poetic drama, and seven times out of ten I will behold an ardent admirer of root beer and a frequenter of maiden ladies' teas.

Now, why is it that our men take so little interest in art and literature? I grant you to start with that men are mainly concerned with the problem of getting on in the world or at least of making a living, while women expect either to get married or teach school. In the struggle to meet the competition of other men, men have less time to spend on such things than women. But even taking this undoubted fact into consideration, it does seem that men might at least spend a little of their time on such things and, if nothing else, learn to respect them. The trouble, I believe, lies in our educational system. Young boys are taught by women, first the mother in the home and then the woman teacher in the lower grades. These women teachers, in the case of literature at least, attempt to teach the subject to these vigorous, healthy and happily vulgar young males, in the manner of the Sunday School with overtones of the Ladies' Aid. They accomplish their purpose in some cases and we observe the feminized "literary" man, but in the long run they succeed in effectually scaring off ninety-per-cent of their charges. They have impressed the boys, not that literature is essentially the virile and vigorous expression of men, but that it is a weak and anaemic and puny thing, a thing for the Epworth

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League and the nursery, a thing for old maids and spindle-legged girls and sissified boys. Boys should be taught literature by a man who can lick anybody of his size in the neighborhood.

—Montgomery Craig.

Letters to Laughing Horse

on

Wheeler Hall Plays

Editors, "The Laughing Horse":

As a GOOD woman, I feel it my duty to add my protest to those of the fine people who think as I do, about the immorality of the Wheeler Hall Plays. I have attended every performance that they have given, some of them twice and one three times, so I should know what I am talking about.

I think that the Wheeler Hall plays are vulgar, salacious, vicious, nasty, obscene, pornographic and immoral. They are unfit for the eyes and ears of people having a spark of decency. I know of an Epworth League president who took to opium after witnessing a performance of "The Lonely Way." This play is not only immoral but it was written by a dirty baby-killing Hun. As for "Wild Birds," I cannot express my disapproval strong enough. I attended it three times to be sure. I did want to be fair. The third time convinced me. I sat in the third row and heard every word of it, and I can tell you it brought the flush of modesty to my cheek. It was disgusting. I felt nauseated that I had to sit out the performance. As I said to my fifteen-year-old daughter, who was with me the third time, "Such a play is a positive menace to our youth." I am glad to hear that the police have interfered with it in San Francisco. That city has given us a much-needed lesson in civic virtue. I am certainly glad that they have stopped them from giving "Ambush." As soon as I heard of the objection I read the play. I read it twice to be sure and then loaned it to my daughter. She agrees with me that it is positively vicious. I hope this letter will do some good in this great struggle for the purity of our stage, and expect soon to read the announcement of an early production of "Daddy Long-Legs" in Wheeler Hall.

Yours for virtue,

Mrs. Grundy.



HAT HO, a monster on the horizon! It spits fire:
a Chinese dragon, think you? No, by the
gold of my hooves, a laughing horse

Witter Bynner



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So far as the Student Welfare Committee is concerned we quote them the following noble line from **Wild Birds**:

"Air love bad?"

The first thirty years of a man's life are devoted to living, the remainder to living the first thirty years down.

Life is a full meal, but everyone wants only the dessert.

Prohibition is a craven's attempt to justify his own cowardice.

Sincerity is the dry crust that the 100 percenter gnaws in the jail of convention.

Benediction

We thank thee, O Setebos, maker of good and of evil, for that which thou hast given us this day. Never did we in all our most devout supplications pray for an nth of the blessings which thou in thy malicious fancy hast showered upon us. Thou hast sent thy unholy ghost to go to and fro in the earth and walk up and down in it, and lo! the newspapers have blossomed forth with press notices, the wealthy have unloosed their purse strings and great has been murmur that has gone up among the Philistines. For this we are truly thankful, O Setebos, author of joy and of sorrow. Joyous in this, our joy was unbounded when we beheld the pearl amongst the putrid fish in the mouth of the Pelican. Accept these weak words of thanksgiving, thou terror and scourge of the humble, O Setebos.

ANY DAY IN 410

"Well, what'll we do with 'em?"

"Aw, let's mark 'em."

"Naw, let's throw 'em in the waste-basket."

Ssssswwwwiiissh—ka-flop!